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THE GREAT TOURNEY.

Who Would Have Thought There
Were so Many Dreamers?

"The Evening World" Mails Still Crowded
with Dream Literature.

Julian Hawthorne, the Judge, Finds an
Avalanche of Work on His Hands.

Fought With Bismarck.
I dreamed I was walking on the Brooklyn
Bridge, and I met Bismarck. We got into a
scrap and I pulled his three hairs out.
CHARLES LEVY, 95 Fulton street.

He Fell in Reality.
I dreamed the other evening that I was
falling and was straining every nerve to save
myself, but did not awake until I had fallen
out of bed.
LOUIS J.

Here's Poetic Happiness.
I dreamed one night that I was in a vast
wilderness, and an angel appeared in majestic
splendor, with a golden ring in his hand,
which he presented to me. My dream has
come true, as I have met my intended wife,
and she has the identical features of the
angel.
JOE AND EMMA.

A Slight Hallucination.
I dreamed I received a letter from THE
EVENING WORLD stating that \$20 was waiting
my arrival for having the most remarkable
dream. I was thinking what I would do with
it, when I heard a voice say, "Time to get
up." Respectfully, LARRY S. STOUT,
424 West Forty-eighth street.

A Small Boy's Dream.
I dreamed I was working in an apartment
house, and that I went upstairs to get some
doughnuts, and was asked when I came down
where did I get them? I answered, "Every
morning at 7:45 o'clock, when the postman
brings a letter for Reno, I always tie it up,
and she gives me doughnuts." When I awoke
I found the letter in my hand, calling for
Reno, and it was just 7:45 o'clock.
J. F. HAYNE, 154 Sullivan street.

A Warning of Death.
I dreamed I was in my room rocking my
baby and my little four-year old girl was
playing on the floor. My dead sister came in
the room, and taking my little girl under her
arm, said, "Go to our mother." I was
much alarmed over this dream, thinking I
was about to lose my little one. The next
day I went up to my mother's house and
found her very sick. She was in excellent
health the night before. Eight days later she
died of pneumonia.
M. A. T.,
New Jersey.

He Went All to Pieces.
A short time ago I had the following dream:
I suddenly felt myself going down. I could
not see where or how slow at first, then
faster and faster until I had obtained a
frantic rapidity. As I went down parts of
my body were going away as if by friction
with the air, until only my face was left;
even the back part of my head was gone.
Then I gradually slowed up, and as I did so
my body slowly regained its proper shape,
and when entirely whole I stopped and woke
up.
J. G., 67 South Ninth street.

Chased by a Manne.
I thought as I was out walking on a country
road I saw a woman coming towards me
who was pulling the hair from her head.
When she saw me she chased me through
fields for about an hour. Finally I escaped
to a house without letting her see me. Next
day I had occasion to pass that way, when I
saw the same kind of a woman, who chased
me over the same route as I dreamed I did,
to exactly the same place, where I stayed in
terror until she went a mile away. I heard
a few days after she was a woman who lived
near that place, who was mad.
L. L.

Predicted an "Evening World."
At the time of the first publication of THE
EVENING WORLD, I was visiting some friends
in Pittsburgh, where I obtained a copy of the
morning WORLD with great difficulty, and
went to bed very much pleased with the
news I had been reading. I dreamed that
the Evening World was to be published, and
that it pleased the people so much that all
the other papers had to give up publication.
What was my surprise on returning to
New York to find that THE EVENING WORLD
had been published, and that I was a
reader of it ever since.
H. M.,
West New Brighton, S. I.

His Dream Was Doubtful.
About sixteen years ago I occupied a room
in which there was an old bureau. All the
drawers of this were unlocked, excepting one
that contained some old family papers. This
had never been opened, as far as I know,
though I had often pulled at the handle to
try it, but without success. One night I
dreamed that it was unlocked, and told my
brother in the morning. On waking, it
found it would open. He naturally thought
I had told a story and the only result of
having a strange dream was to have my vanity
doubled.
E. C.

Dreamed of Being Hunged.
I dreamed that I stood in the docket of a
court-room charged with murder in the first
degree. What surprised me the most was
that I hadn't any idea of who or what it was
that I had murdered, but I was found guilty
and sentenced to be hung. Visitors by the
hundreds came and brought me flowers and
baskets of eatables and seemed to feel the
sorrow more than I. I expected one young
lady whom I had never seen before, and yet
I thought that we were to be married on the
day of execution. At last it came and I was
marched slowly towards the scaffold, with an
arm of a hanger behind me. I saw a fluttering
of a handkerchief, felt the floor give way, the
rope stretch and I awoke just in time to save
my neck.
W. E. W.

A Vision of Future New York.
I dreamed I saw New York city in the year
1991. Beginning at the Battery Park, all the
dark and crooked streets had been made
straight, on both sides of Broadway up to
Fourth street. There was not a tenement
house in all this district. The business
center of the world was here, and every
foot of building space from Fourth street
to the Battery was filled with more
massive and costly buildings than any now
on Broadway, except where an occasional
three-cornered block had been leveled and
a beautiful spot of ground showed in its
place. Five free bridges connected the
city with Brooklyn, and five cent rapid train
carried passengers all parts of Long
Island. Elevated roads had been abolished,
and in their place six underground pneu-
matic lines, owned and operated by the city,
carried passengers free from one part of the
city to another in from one to six minutes.
The people owned all their time and talents
were too valuable to the prosperity of the
city to place the means of transit in the power
of corporations. For the same reason three
pneumatic passenger tubes connected Staten
Island, which was the home of 1,000,000 New
Yorkers. Crime and drunkenness were al-
most unknown. Alcoholic poison, like
opium, was sold only on careful prescription,
and former saloons were now free bath,

gymnasiums, reading-rooms and coffee-
houses. I would have seen much more, but
I awoke to wish it were not all a dream.
SALZMANN, 322 West Fortieth street.

Visited Africa in Sleep.
I dreamed I was on a voyage down some
river in Central Africa. We were attacked
by some savages and in the excitement I fell
overboard unnoticed, it being quite dark at
the time. I floated quickly away and in a
short time I was lying on some lonely shore.
As I lay there I heard the roar of some animal,
and turning in that direction I saw a lion
leaping towards me. I saw a lioness, a
Womb's bicyclist, Thomas Stevens, walking
towards me. He gave me a hearty welcome
and was relating to me some of his adventures,
when suddenly a large tiger pounced
upon me and I awoke with a sudden start.
F. W. R. JR.

What Does This Signify?
After 12 o'clock on New Year's eve, being
tired out, I sat in the rocker to rest. Sud-
denly I found myself in a handsomely fur-
nished room, in one corner of which was a
brown mantle. On this mantle was what
seemed a huge ball of fire, mounted on an
easel. While gazing at this strange spectacle
I was aroused by a slight noise from be-
hind me. I turned quickly, but saw nothing.
When I again turned to the mantle the
ball of fire, and in its place was a
man, dressed in a light blue suit, and seem-
ing to be the very image of the Zodiac.
In the center of this was "353" in large black
figures. I had just made one step towards the
mantel when I heard a loud crash against the
thing, and I awoke to find myself on the
floor beside the rocker. A. F. MARTINI.

A Gruesome Feast.
I dreamed that my attention was attracted
by the strains of martial music. I hastened
to the window and saw three distinct orga-
nizations marching, with life and drums. The
company in the center was the largest, num-
bering several hundred men, and seemed to
be going to some great practice. The large
batter, garishly decorated, which they carried
was inscribed "EVENING WORLD Social Guards."
Being an old soldier it brought my memory
back to my army times, and when I was
passed by I commenced to practice with drum-
sticks in the house, drumming on anything
handy making a most deafening noise. I
was suddenly called to my senses by some
unseen presence, and for punishment for
making such a racket I was conducted to a
cemetery and commanded to eat a human
corpse. I refused to do this, and was pro-
ceeded to masticate it in a matter-of-fact
way, commencing at the shoulders and tear-
ing the flesh down in strips with my teeth,
but was awakened in the midst of my grue-
some feast by a sudden alarm.
C. M. D., 316 East Eighty-eighth street.

Remember a Forgotten Language.
When I was a child about nine years old my
father was in the Indian Mutiny. My
mother, with my two brothers, myself and a
doctor and his wife, were driving for dea-
lity for the fort. We were, however, cap-
tured by the Sepoys, who made short work
of the doctor and my brother Herbert, about
one year old, whom they tossed in the air
and impaled on their bayonets. My knowl-
edge of the vernacular was perfect, having
been taught by my mother, and I was a re-
petitive of those men as only a Hindu can.
The flow of language astonished the Indians
that they failed in their butchery to listen
and understand the words which were
spoken. I was then about five years old, and
of the flow of language I have never since
been able to forget. I have since learned
the English language, but I have never since
been able to forget the words which were
spoken. I have since learned the English
language, but I have never since been able
to forget the words which were spoken.
JOHN C. GRABHAM.

A Doctor's Strange Dream.
Some years ago I was practicing physician
and had many patients in Hoboken, N. J.
I visited my uncle's house in that town one
night, and while there fell asleep on the sofa.
I dreamed that a gentleman whose family I
attended regularly came to my house in great
excitement and asked me to call at once to see
his wife, whom he stated had been taken
with a convulsion. This dream was so real
to me that I started up half awake and had
nearly reached the stable door when I awoke.
I decided to make a call and see if there
was any reason for my vision. I drove to the
house, rang the bell, which was quickly
answered by a maid, who knew me, and
I entered the house. I found the doctor, who
I had never seen before, and he said, "You
have come, doctor; Mrs. B. is very ill."
I went into the sick room and found her suffer-
ing very much, but soon relieved her.
After I had been there some time Mr. B. came
in and said, "How did you get here? I was
told at your office that they did not expect
you in for some time." I replied that I was
on my way, but I thought I should call to
make a friendly call, and was glad that I had
done so, to which he agreed. I had given no
thought to this family for weeks and they
had been unusually well and had no need of
my services.
M. D.

MR. PLATT IS RESIGNED.
Apparently He Has Given Up All Hope of a
Place in the Cabinet.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt has returned
from his three day's trip to Washington, and
is apparently very frank regarding the nature
of his business there.
He says that he only went to the capital to
bid for the express business of the Treasury
Department, now held by the Adams Express
Company, whose contract is about expiring.
Of course it was only natural that he
would be seen by the President, and he would
seek out James G. Blaine and hold a long
conference with him, or that he should find
occasion to confer with Senator Hoar and
Col. Dyer, all of which he did.
Mr. Platt affirms that he has given up all hope
of going into Gen. Harrison's Cabinet, and
says that he thinks the great Empire State
will be left out altogether in the new ad-
ministration.
He does not hesitate to say that he thinks
the man at Indianapolis is controlled by poor
advisers to this ignore the pretensions of
himself, and he would make it possible for him to
select a Cabinet.

Rival Table d'Hotes in Court.
Judge O'Brien, of the Supreme Court, has be-
fore him an application for an injunction to
restrain James Flanagan from running his table
d'hote restaurant on Twenty-third street, be-
tween Madison and Avenue A. The applica-
tion is made by Ralph Raymond, another res-
taurant, who bought Flanagan's old place at
Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third street, and
alleges that Flanagan made a written agree-
ment not to run a business within a mile
of his old stand. He traversed the limit, he
says.

Denied the White Pencil Code.
Joseph Smith and Thomas Pratt were taken
to the Jefferson Market Police Court this morn-
ing by Detective Sergts. Hanly and Murray of
the Central Office. They are wanted, the de-
tectives say, for a compilation of cases, stating
a man, called by the name of "The White Pencil
Code." As there was no complaint re-
mained, Justice Duffy remanded them un-
til tomorrow.

One Fact
The world's column of rhetoric, as an American state-
man. It is a fact, established by the testimony of
thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure
scrofula, skin rashes and other diseases or affections
arising from impure state or low condition of the blood.
It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good ap-
petite and gives strength to every part of the system.
If you need a good blood purifier, tonic or appetizer,
try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is sold by all druggists, \$1.00
per bottle. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A LITTLE CONDENSED HUMOR.

WILL SERVE TO SWEETEN THE CUP OF
LIFE.

Evening Up.
(From Time.)



Miss Broomfield. I think it's a shame for your
sister to be married to that poor little fellow.
Mr. Salty. Really? Things right themselves in
this world. His sister is going to be a great
of promise at this moment.

A Modern Nuncheon.
(From Harper's Bazar.)
"Is the baby strong?"
"Well, rather. You know what a tremendous
voice he has?"
"Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour."

Reverence.
(From the Boston Herald.)
She—Why, Charlie, your grandmother died
only a week ago, and here you are at a dancing
party. I should think you'd have some respect
for her memory.
He—Certainly have. But you see, she
lost her memory six years before she died, and I
date my respect from that time.

A Drawing Attraction.
(From Harper's Bazar.)
"James," said the museum keeper's wife,
"there's a good deal in the papers nowadays
about the New South Wales. I think you
ought to get one of them, even if it is only
stuffed."

An Humble Man's Opinion.
(From the Detroit Free Press.)
When an insurance company can lose half a
million dollars and let the robber quietly walk
off in peace, it looks to a man up a tree as if
rates ought to come down about 50 per cent.

It Was Getting Late.
(From Harper's Bazar.)
"The sabbath words are often, the sweetest,"
murmured De Bour.
"The lover's good-night,
for instance."

A Drawback to the Game.
(From the Des Moines Weekly.)
"These old-fashioned forfeit games are well
enough in their way," said Dudley, "but
when you get a glass ring back in place of the
solitaire you gave up in a moment of candor,
you really begin to desire some more genuine
amusement."

There Was No Occasion.
(Philip H. Webb, in the Epoch.)
Mamma to Flosie, who had been limping
with a little friend. "I hope you were very
polite, Flosie, at the table, and said 'Yes,
please, and No, thank you.'"
Flosie—Well, I didn't say "No, thank you,"
because you see I took every thing.

The Main Trouble.
(From Harper's Bazar.)
"But his audience insulted him; they kept
crying him out."
"They didn't." They kept crying him out
and off. That's why he pulled a gun on them."

A Fact.
(From the Boston Herald.)
Amy Williams—Ruth, don't you walk up
to the corner with me? I don't like to go alone.
Ruth—Well, I'm never alone, Amy. The Lord
is always with me.
Amy—Well, Ruth, you walk up to the corner
with me, and then you will have company back.

Not Open to Such Offers.
(From the Detroit Free Press.)
Peter Clark, an Ohio lad, hung to a beam on
a railroad bridge while a train of forty-six
freight cars passed over his head, and he says
he won't do it again for the best of his life.

Feminine Nature.
(From the New York Weekly.)
Adult Son—Mother, does a girl mean to en-
courage or discourage a man when she—
Mother—My son, there is no need of going
into details. When a girl starts out to either
encourage or discourage a man, the man never
has any doubt about what she means.

Modern Hauling.
Old Wayback Wayback from Wayback Town-
ship—Gee whack! things is scummin' good,
isn't they? What'n' that is that axle in the turnd
part of the wheel?
Young Wayback Wayback from the city—That
is to help him pull the axle in the turnd part
of the wheel, so as to bring the damages down to
\$5,000.

Coming Receptions.
(From the Philadelphia Record.)
Waiting Man in a few hours hence—The woman
of the house wants to know if you can have im-
portance to-day?
Cook Lady—Tell the woman of the house I'm
at home to my friends to-day, and there won't be
no dinner except for me callers.

What Cured Her.
(From the Philadelphia Record.)
Modern Healer—I understand that you were
used to walk without crutches for years, and
now you can walk as well as ever.
Old Lady—Yes, one of our Christian science healers
cured me.

Out of the Old Man's Box.
(From Once a Week.)
The shipwrecked mariner lost at sea, with delir-
ium, the sight of the North Star, for it is to him the star
of hope, which, if followed, may lead to a haven of safety.
How like the mariner lost upon the pathless sea that
weary and almost hopeless invalid, who, nearly despair-
ing of a cure, knows not where to turn for what to do.
Let upon the sea of life's weary distresses such a case,
and just as surely as help does not come from some
source, just as surely will the weakness, sleeplessness,
nervousness and debility gradually run into nervous ex-
haustion and physical prostration until the end comes—
inactivity, paralysis, or prostration, or death.

Lost at Sea.
The North Star, shining with steady and con-
stant light, is to the mariner, Mr. Green's Nervine,
the great brain, nerve and health restorer, is to the weak-
ened, disheartened and almost discouraged invalid who
has tried nearly everything without avail. It is the star
of hope, for the use of this great and wonderful remedy
will surely and certainly remove all the weakness, ner-
vousness and simply marvelous in their restorative
powers. It is for sale by all druggists at \$1 per bottle.
Dr. Green's, of 35 West 14th st., New York, who dis-
covered this remedy, is the great specialist in the cure
of nervous and chronic diseases, who can be consulted
free of charge, personally or by letter.

A TALK ON NOVELS.

It Forms One of "The Evening
World's" Free Lectures.

There Were Seven More of These
Discourses Last Night.

Practical Topics Practically Treated
by Practical Men.

The ninth installment in the course of free
lectures, secured by THE EVENING WORLD
bill, was given last evening, discourses being
delivered in seven of the public schools of
this city with good attendance.

At 212 East One Hundred and Tenth street
Prof. Zachow lectured on "Novels and
Their Influence," at 30 Allen street Prof.
Shane told "How to Study Science at
Home," at 205 East Forty-second street
Edward H. Boyer spoke of "Electricity, Its
Theory, Sparks and Shocks," at Seventy-
third street and First Avenue Prof. Leipzig
told on "Local and State Governments
and the Conduct of Elections," at 523 West
Forty-fourth street Dr. Allen lectured on
"Illuminating Gas," at 225 West Forty-
first street Prof. Mott discoursed on "The
Chemistry of What We Eat and Drink," and
at 108 Broome street Prof. F. G. Caldwell
talked of "The Solar System."

Their aim was to teach moral and religious
truths in a pleasant and interesting manner.
The novel might be called the portable
drama of life. In the drama all action, and
the will of one character operates on the will
of another, and there is no such subtle in-
fluence as in a cleverly written novel. In
the novel sentiment, feeling and passion can
be vividly depicted, and the reader is brought
into closer contact with the writer, with the
characters delineated.

A novel is like a mirror, reflecting the
imagination of the writer. The more brilli-
ant and acute the imagination the better will
be the fiction it produces, because such a
mind is able to draw a more interesting and
absorbing picture of actual occurrence. And
the more the writer is able to draw a more
real world and interest there is in the novel.

Good novels have always been good edu-
cators. They depict actual characters and
actual events, and their analyses and com-
ments serve to stimulate observation in the
reader.

The novel reflects the customs, manners
and morals of the age in which it is produced.
The works of fiction of the last century,
therefore, with few exceptions, are not as
wholesome morally as those of to-day be-
cause the morals of the past century were not
so high as those of the present.

The lecturer cited Walter Scott, Jane
Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Dickens and
Thackeray as examples of the highest class of
novels. The lecturer said that the novel is
amuse, Scott's novels present an accurate
picture of the customs prevailing during the
Middle Ages. They do this far more enter-
tainingly than any history.

Thackeray, witty, ironical, yet so kindly,
is a wonderful delineator of human nature.
His characters are found everywhere in daily
life. The same is true of Dickens, though
more of the class of the novel of the day.
Prof. Zachow advised his listeners to read
the book reviews in the Sunday newspapers,
and to read the novels of the day with care
to select the best novels.

If the best novels only were read inferior
works would pall and weary the reader.

BAD COMPLEXIONS.

The Secret of Their Cause Fully Explained—
Why Ladies Are Sallow and Men Pallid—
Some Valuable Facts on the Subject.

In passing along the leading streets in almost any
city in America today one will meet with few ladies who
have clear complexions. Many persons have tried to
account for this and have failed because of the severe climate of
America, but such reasoning is wrong. A bad com-
plexion is caused by impure blood, and no lady can be
really beautiful and so man ruddy who has diseased or
impure blood.

The best known way of keeping the blood pure is by
keeping it circulating. In this way it passes rapidly
through the lungs, kidneys and liver, and is constantly
purified. But suppose the system is clogged up, as is
frequently the case, then of course the blood becomes im-
pure. Then far too often men and women take some
powerful purgative, pill or other substance, that clears
the body quickly, weakens the strength and leaves the
system in worse condition than before. The only safe
way to take a gentle, pure and natural purgative,
moderately but regularly and the highest known medical
authorities of the day agree that the genuine imported
Carlsbad Spruce Salt is infinitely superior to any other
natural preparation known to the world. It is gentle,
purgative, it is pure, yet powerful. It contains
only natural properties, and it is not a medicine.

Carlsbad Spruce Salt is obtained from the
celebrated Carlsbad Spruce Spring, it cannot injure
the body in the least, and yet it has never failed to re-
new life, purify the blood and thus clear the complexion.
Hundreds of doctors have given it, the highest known
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